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Maxham & Wing

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There's a stain of blood in the wintry sky—
There's a scent of blood in the freezing air—
The hollow blast goes moaning by,
Sick with its burden of despair.
For the lead has been slipped from the dogs of war,
And their muzzles are red with human gore;
And fast by the couch of the dying year,
Gather the phantoms of 'Woe and Fear.

Who is to blame, that a world so fair,
Wishes in the throes of a monster-birth?
Who is to blame, that a crimson glare
Mocks at the gloom of a shuddering earth?
Who is to blame? Ah! me! 'Tis I,
Saxon or Gaul, 'tis I, that have come,
Never was lacking to Adam's seed,
A gib excuse for a selfish deed.

Year that hast trodden a bloody path,
Flaunting thy banner of empty pride!
Year that hast crashed in thy frenzied wrath
Legions of victims who fought and died!
Dark is thy record to eyes that mourn,
Hateful thy name to the widowed breast,
Draining its milk for the nursing, born,
'Tis the bolks that hang on thine awful crest!

God still reigneth! and we who wait,
Fervent with vigil, but not dismayed,
Beat to the bars of the crystal gate,
Hoping and trusting in Mercy's aid;
Hoping to welcome the sway of Peace,
Trusting the promise of days to come,
When the angry blast of the trump shall cease,
And the wail of the perishing ranks be dumb.

—Evening Post.

[From Wood's Household Magazine.]

RUTH.

BY MRS. MARY E. MILLER.

The road, winding beside the river, leading away from the city of Manchester to the rich farming country southward, is the fashionable drive for that vicinity. There go the beaux and belles in their exclusive little phaetons, wheeling slowly along under the arching trees, dreaming day-dreams about "love in a cottage," as they pass those completely charming cottages that peep out from sweet hedges and shrubbery, beyond the grand country-seas of wealth and fashion. And there go the gay young men with trotting horses; and family broughams, holding comfortable matrons, with perhaps nurse and the baby on the front seat, taking their afternoon airing. "Mamma" passes her "Laura," riding with young Bullion, and smiles benignly, sighs a little, and wonders where the years have flown since she and her true love sauntered along this very road, looking down the same beautiful river, seeing the same sun-kissing hills and the one "land of promise" of love and peace, that the youth of all countries and all time behold.

One bright spring morning, when all the world seemed astir with the new life of the year, Dr. Eldridge sprang into his chaise, concluding to make first his calls out of town. He drove briskly down the street, bowing right and left to school-girls and boys hurrying on with their arms full of books; to clerks, and office-boys whom he had vaccinated in long clothes; to portly men, whose fevers he had cooled, walking with important strides to take their place "on Change."

His meek pony slackened his pace when they left the pavement, as if knowing the mind of his master, allowing him a moment to enjoy his favorite view, to notice signs of house-cleaning in the suburban villas, men shaking carpets, and housemaids in bandanas waving handkerchiefs, and the gardeners turning the pots of the greenhouse out to the genial sunshine and summer-showers.

Decidedly elegant in appearance, was the doctor; careful in his toilet, and delightful in address; provoking the questionable compliment of being a "ladies' man." But he was more than that; pursuing his profession with an uncommon love of humanity; eager to prolong and ease the days of the aged; to strengthen the minds as well as the bodies of the young; never failing to speak a healing word to a sore heart, where his keen eye detected one, nor to a doubting soul. Rarely was ever a name so well bestowed. He was "Luke the physician," and emulated the Luke of Bible lore and love in his earnest, busy life.

In one grand house he had an old man's palsy to attend; in another, a baby's teeth to coax forward with his lancet; and further on, a few cases of scarlet fever which had been quite malignant that season. His sympathy and skill had been most severely taxed at the end of this morning's drives, five miles from town, beyond the rented "villas," and "lodges," in a real country house, upon a farm. His patient here was a young woman of thirty years, the eldest of a large family of children. She had worn herself out, in her untiring care of the younger ones, while the fever burned its fiery course through the household, and found at last her own veins on fire and her own mind wandering.

Doctor Eldridge's interest in the case, was deep and sad. He had been a widower for four years. This sick girl, Ruth Benedict, had been his wife's most intimate friend, although several years younger than she. And lately, even before he had seen her talent as nurse and patiently exercised night and day, he had been thinking how pleasant it would be to have this woman quit her restless children, as she did her step-mother's, making his house more home-like, and crowning his busy days and his coming years with the richness of her love and presence. If, only, she could be won.

So, as the fever held her in its fatal clime, he had faithfully watched and ministered at her bedside; doubly anxious to save her life because of the hope, that distressed him then in its hopelessness, of linking that life with his own. The fire was dying out, and, through the week she had lain blanched and almost breathless. This morning he was able to tell her father that she would live. She should live, he doing with a flush and emphasis which the devoted parent remarked, but ascribed to professional enthusiasm.

Ruth's convalescence was a tardy one, but she was not impatient for strength; she dreaded to resume her old cares and duties, and though never morbid before, was in danger of becoming so now.

Dr. Eldridge called occasionally, convincing himself that she had no other suitor; and she, having no visitor more entertaining, began to think that his visits benefited her soul and body, more than any tonic he prescribed.

One afternoon he found her in the rustic old grape-arbor, reading. He took the book from her hand, and glancing down the page, saw Traddles, telling the simple story of his love to dear David Copperfield.

"Do you know," said the doctor, smiling, "you have often reminded me of this 'dearest girl,' and I have been expecting to meet your 'Traddles.' Does he not take a holiday through all the long summer?"

Ruth raised her eyes quickly, only to drop them again, under his quizzical gaze, and answered, blushing, "I have no 'Traddles.'"

The doctor was getting excited, and spoke rapidly. "Do you know that a journey would do you more good, just now, than any tonic?"

"I have thought so," she answered, but she said no more; while the thought that checked her, saddened her dark eyes. He did not know how hard it had been for her to leave home at any time, and now it was not possible; for, while she had no ambition to prepare herself, her step-mother's inefficient hands were

ted by the little ones, and her step-sisters were not old enough to help her; and through their long illness, her wardrobe had been neglected, and she knew she had "nothing to wear" away from home.

The look of annoyance was pretty well interpreted by the doctor, and he added, cheerfully controlling his own feelings so well that at first she thought he was jesting. "Yes, Miss Ruth, a journey, and if possible a wedding journey." Her lip quivered. "Was he merely insolent?" She dared not look up till his words came thick and fast: "Ruth, you were near dying, do you care to get well? Will you marry your physician? Will you, knowing my children, come to my home to spend your renewed life there, as my dear wife?"

Surprised but satisfied, she had but time to utter a few words which, however, were sufficient to content the man, when Tom, with some school-fellows, came trooping across the doorway, straight to the arbor, to see if the Isabellas were turning.

The doctor arose covering her confusion with some ready speech to the boys; then, as a farewell to her, said, "I will come out to-morrow, to talk with your father about the journey, which I hope he will approve."

"Why, Ruthie, is anybody going away?" interrupted Tom, who was not often so rude.

Dr. Eldridge passed his arm around the lad's neck, and walked him off towards his chaise, asking how many woodchucks he had killed that season; how much pop-corn he expected to harvest; and how many chestnuts were ripening; while Ruth escaped to her own room, "white with its fall of linen snow," and peeping between the curtain, watched her doctor drive away.

Well, Ruth took the journey according to the prescription, and received the promised blessing of health and strength. They went as far and stayed as long as possible; oversteaying, by a few glorious October days, the time for returning, which the doctor had promised his patients, and the young physician in charge of them, and the children.

Ah, those children! He began to wonder what Ruth would think of them—of Ralph especially—for she had rarely seen them since his wife died, while his mother, unfitted for the care by her age and feebleness, and her unreasoning fondness for them, had nominally kept house for him. She had died the previous winter, and since that time a succession of untidy housekeepers had kept the house in a turmoil, continually.

Dr. Eldridge's house was pleasantly located, spacious and well furnished; and Ruth soon restored the dainty order and grace which beautified each room in her friend's lifetime. The new home-life began happily; the two girls readily turned to Ruth as their best friend. Helen, the elder daughter, was a merry tease; fond of reading, not story-books alone, but instructive volumes, in the father's library; her knowledge of history and the biographies of notable persons, was astonishing. Amy, named after her revered mother, was a negative character, only strong in her affections; a good little girl, not particularly studious, but industrious and ingenious as a doll dress-maker; the prettiest of the children, but yet too young and innocent to be aware of that small advantage.

But the boy, Ralph, soon gave her cause for anxiety. Willful from boyhood, as Ruth remembered, his character had been injured by the indulgence shown him as a motherless child.

One morning, after the girls had started for their school, he said, "mamma I have a headache, and a pain in my side; don't make me go to school; let me lie on your lounge, and have some tea. Grandma would, if she were here."

She fancied he did not look quite well, and readily, consented to his little plan; and made the tea with her own hands, and brought it to him half regretting that she had not told his father when she heard him drive away from the office-door. An hour later, a neighbor called, and urged Mrs. Eldridge to go with her to hunt up a poor woman, who in begging at their doors, had given her address, quite challenging them to prove her forlorn story, by a visit to her wretched tenement. Ralph urged his mother to go, assuring her that he would lie still, till her return.

"I may be gone till dinner-time; if you get lonesome, you may take my stereo-cops and view to amuse yourself. I thought we were going to have a nice talk together, this morning, and am sorry to leave you alone," she said, brushing away the careless looks from the forehead so like his father's. Then, drawing down the shades and advising him to take a nap, she went out.

Instead of the row of tumble-down houses exactly described to them, the ladies found only vacant lots; and no one in the neighborhood knew of any woman answering the description they gave of the person they had befriended. Grieved and vexed at the imposition, they turned homeward, facing the first snow squall of the season, which would make further walking unpleasant. Reaching home after only an hour's absence, and going immediately to her room to see if Ralph were sleeping, Ruth found the lounge vacant—the magpie had flown. The servants had not seen him and she reached the house without finding him. She was annoyed and worried, too, as the wind grew more violent, for she knew he was not properly wrapped to meet such a storm. Then she remembered that Tom was light-headed as soon as the fever seized him, last spring; and tortured herself with fears that Ralph was wandering about the street, delirious, till her door opened, and she came in. He was confused when he saw her sitting there, and answered her inquiries so sullenly, that she had a faint suspicion that he was deceiving her. Presently, his sisters came from school, and running up stairs to show their mother their perfect reports, exclaimed at seeing Ralph at home before them.

"Ralph has not been at school to-day," exclaimed Ruth; "he had a headache and was too sick to go, he thought it."

Helen's cheeks flushed and her eyes snapped, as she turned to him.

"It was the same sort of headache that grandma believed in, was it not, Ralph? Then, as the boy hung his head, she went on, tauntingly, "It usually went off about ten o'clock, when it was too late to go to school. How was it this morning, mamma?"

Ruth told her briefly that she had felt obliged to leave him, and he had gone out in her absence.

"Helen replied, 'Mamma, he has imposed upon you! He deceived poor, dear grandma, so, again and again; but I did not think he would dare or wish to cheat you. For shape, Ralph!' but he had slipped out of the room."

Here was a "situation" for a new step-mother! "You say, Helen, that he has done this repeatedly to escape going to school?"

"Yes, mamma; and really grandma used to believe that he was sick; perhaps he stayed at home oftener than I knew, being always regular at school. Once I told papa, and he punished him; which distressed grandma so much that she cried, and threatened me with her everlasting displeasure if I complained of him again."

"But, my dear child, you surely knew you were wrong in submitting to conceal such deception!"

"Yes, mamma; I felt miserable enough, about that; so, to quiet my conscience I used to talk to Ralph, to try to shame him for sneaking away from his lessons, and deceiving his poor, old grandma. Then he would cry, and beg her pardon—but his penitence was shallow—sooner, perhaps, than I know he would offend again."

"It is a pity your father had not known it," Ruth said, thinking uneasily that he must have been wilfully blind to the boy's tricks.

Helen tossed her head indignantly. "Indeed, mamma, it may not be becoming for me to criticize papa, but he ought to have done so for himself; he could easily have done so; but he dreaded any disturbance—and you will see, mamma, how it hurts him to believe anything wrong about Ralph."

Ruth had already suspected that her husband was intellectually disappointed in his son; but now this glaring moral detection shocked her—the father's weakness in withholding correction, even more than the child's wrong doing. "Well, my dear girls, we must pray for our naughty boy, that he may overcome this miserable sin; and we may yet see him truthful and upright as George Washington himself."

Helen gathered up her books, to take them to her own room, and little Amy followed, sighing "Oh, dear! if papa were anything but a doctor he need not be away from home so much, and could keep us all good and true."

At dinner, the doctor observed that something had irritated the usually tranquil family; but no question was asked, nor any hint dropped, till on rising from the table, Ruth said, much to the boy's surprise, "Papa, Ralph and I wish to see you in the library;" and leading him, and followed by his father, she went in and closed the door.

Helen and Amy were greatly excited; Helen walking the floor, while Amy cried, and declared that Ralph had no friend in the world. "Nor does he deserve one," said Helen. "You think I need not have exposed his tricks to mamma, but I think more of his honor than his life, and will not hide his honor from him to save his life and risk his soul."

When the library-door opened, only Ralph came out; he had evidently been crying, but tried to look as usual when he passed Helen in the hall, and shook off Amy's hand, laid upon his arm; then went up to his room and shut himself in alone with his shamed, half-penitent thoughts. Very earnestly his father had mother talked together, and sought to find the most effectual punishment for him. Ruth begged that he might be taken from school, and proposed to teach him, herself, at home. The change was made immediately, to the boy's delight; they saw that he did not properly regard it as a punishment, but were satisfied to have removed the great temptation from the boy's life; while he went on with his studies, with a wholly new interest and perseverance.

Two years passed away, with its school-duties and holidays for the children; its varied duties and pleasures for their mother; and increased practice for the doctor, whose only regret grew out of his popularity, that he had so little time to devote to his family. When Ralph was fourteen, he was sent to a boarding-school, and Dr. Benedict, Ruth's favorite brother, was received into the family, to read awhile in the doctor's study, before going to college. He had grown rapidly since Ruth left home, and was not very strong. The doctor advised him to live an outdoor-life as a farmer, but the lad's taste and ambition turned towards town, and a profession. He was really a pleasant, studious fellow, and the doctor was proud to introduce him to the faculty of the medical College, in which he was, himself, a lecturer.

Ruth's young sisters, too, were growing as fast as her step-daughters, and the young people enjoyed exchanging visits. In the mid-summer vacation, when Ralph, with Tom and his younger brothers were off fishing and hunting, Helen and Amy went to the farm, to picnic with the girls through the whole raspberry season; and Ruth and the doctor riding out to see them, frequently.

Those were happy years; but suddenly eclipsed by Ralph's unexpected arrival from school in the middle of a term; not sick, but surly; disinclined to talk about the cause of his leaving—"a spat with a tutor"—he said. The principal of the school had been the doctor's chum at college; and with the saddest heart he had carried since Ralph's earlier trouble, he determined to go to him, to find out the extent of his son's mischief. The girls were not told when he expected to return, by a midnight train; for Ruth feared he might come back sadder than he went, when their lively greetings would distract him. So she sat up alone, awaiting him.

"Ruth, my dear wife, disgrace, dishonor, covers the boy's two years at school!" he said, shivering beside the grate-fire, she had kept burning brightly. She waited, in mute sympathy till he grew calm enough to tell the whole sad story. "The boy is a paltry thief—my boy! He has stolen sums of money from the students, and finally from a tutor—it had been proved more than once. All that redeems the case from utter hopelessness, was the fact of his love for us, his horror of having us hear of his misconduct. He had, last term, received a public reproof—a most humiliating thing in a large school—and made a public apology, rather than be sent home. But on this last occasion, the teachers lost all faith and patience, and dismissed him immediately. I blamed McIntyre for not telling me of the first offence, but he said the rogue begged him not to report it to me, made all the amends in his power, and all concerned forgave him, and believed he would never yield to such temptation again."

"What could have been the cause?" queried Ruth. "Certainly his allowance of pocket-money was ample for a school-boy!"

"I thought so," replied the father, sadly, "I rarely refused, or found fault, when he asked for extra money. But he had contracted petty debts at a confectioner's, and at the news-room, and had paid an unprincipled classmate to write essays for him. He ought never to have gone from home!"

They sat there talking till morning dawned, and the house-maids were stirring; then he went up to Ralph's room, and the miserable scene of accusation and confession was over before the breakfast-bell called the family together.

Dr. Eldridge concluded that his son would not acquire much in any school; so, with little opposition on the boy's part, secured a situation for him in a mercantile house; and as time passed, was satisfied that he was acquiring permanent business habits and would yet fully atone for the past.

The girl's school-life closed when Helen was eighteen, and Amy, two years her junior, was too young to launch into society; yet she had gone through the necessary course at Madame Triot's, and gained a graduate's medal, though missing other honors which Helen's more thorough course had earned. Amy was to continue her music and French lessons, while Helen, with symptoms of "strong-mindedness," and a few jokes about "bloomerism" went into her father's study for solid reading. She threatened Tom with a rival practice, and he called her "Dr. Nell," invariably.

Early in the spring of 1862, young Benedict was turned out into the world, a promising "M. D.," with tokens of good-will from his medical fathers. His health was then more than usually delicate, and Dr. Eldridge advised him to run down to Virginia for a while, where there was already summer weather, and fine opportunities for surgical practice in hacking and hoeing on the battle-grounds, and a scarcity of physicians there just then. He had another reason for urging him to go. Ruth had recently opened his eyes to the fact that Tom and Amy were growing too fond of each other; and as both were young and Tom's health precarious, neither of them thought it advisable to keep the dear fellow in the family any longer. Ruth loved her brother very dearly, and Amy also; but she was even more averse than the doctor to the marriage of unhealthy persons; indeed, the opposition of such matches had been a theoretical hobby with her; and here it was to meet with a severe trial for it grieved her to see Tom, and to see Amy's nervousness increasing as the time for his departure drew near.

"Well, little mother," said the doctor stroking her pretty hair, already faintly gleaming with silver—in concluding a little talk, one evening; our children have said nothing to us about their love. Perhaps they are wise enough to know the folly of long engagements, as well as they must know the impossibility of our consent to their marriage, for many a long day, and intend to part without promises."

Ruth added, confidently, "Tom is too manly, and Amy too confiding, to enter into any engagement without consulting us."

"Understand me, my dear wife," and the doctor lifted her face to look earnestly in her eyes. "I find no fault with your brother, I believe if they live five years longer, and grow reasonably strong, that Amy's happiness will be as safe intrusted in Tom's hands as mine has been in yours."

Well, the house was lonely indeed after the young doctor left. Amy practiced and translated, "with a vengeance," Ralph said, and grew so quiet that Helen could not resist her desire to tease her.

"Come to my office, Miss Eldridge, and let me prescribe for you," she said one listless July morning, as Amy sat languidly at the breakfast table eating nothing but the appetizing strawberries; "you have heart disease," Amy winced, "enlargement of the heart, I apprehend." Then, knitting her brow and assuming a gruff voice she quoted glibly "The weight of the heart, according to most anatomists, averages from eight to ten ounces in the adult male, and from ten to twelve ounces in the adult female; and when a young woman undertakes to carry about twenty-two ounces of heart in one pericardium, the experiment is attended with inconvenience to the party deprived of his arteries and ventricles, and the young gymnast herself experiences loss of appetite." Here the whole family were disconcerted by Amy's bursting into tears and pettishly leaving the table.

"Really, Helen, that was not prudent as a physician," said her father. "If you, with a woman's sense, knew that her heart was sentimentally ailing, with a woman's tact you should have shielded it from the gaze of even us, whom she loves. First be a woman and then, a doctor."

Helen reddened, under this stinging reproof, but said lightly, in defence, "Pshaw, papa; she said, while dressing, that she believed she had the heart disease, and I only meant to ridicule the notion out of her head."

"Ah, but the allusion to Tom, was too keen—by far the unkindest cut of all," you have given her lately," said her mother reprovingly. "I will believe then," promised "Dr. Nell," "although"—with a saucy smile—"I cannot recall my professional opinion; she certainly has too much heart!"

This unfortunate conversation, seemed to pave the way for Ruth to tread, when she tapped at Amy's door and at Amy's heart, with a letter the postman brought from Tom. It was confidential, to Ruth alone; but she ventured to carry it to Amy, and waited while she read:

"DEAR RUTHIE:—If you have been uneasy about my epistolary silence, you may be relieved at hearing even bad news from me. I have been sick, have had congestive fever, and write now in an ambulance on my way from the field to our hospital. Tell our dear doctor, that I stood for twelve hours, assisting Sutherland at the amputation-table, which was raised and lowered alternately to ease us in our dreadful work, when other sort of rest was impossible. I was terribly tired, and afterward caught cold, sleeping in a poor tent, and here I am! I have been thinking, sister dear, that I could not risk dying in any future attack without asking you to listen with your heart, while I quote your old guitar song: 'I've something sweet to tell you.' Ruthie, I loved your little Amy before I had been a year in your happy home."

Call me your 'good boy' once more, for having never told her of it, even when I came away. Yet she knew it! And I knew that she knew it; and I knew, that you knew, that she knew that I knew it! If I die, I trust you to tell her that she was my sweetheart. If I live, I am not coming home, till I can ask her father's leave to tell her so myself! My love to all at the dear old farm—from father and mother, down to Fred and the rabbits. And in your own household, beg all to remember

Tom."

Amy's head drooped, as she handed the letter back to Ruth, saying "Thank you, mamma; when I say that I love Tom, you know all."

"Yes, dear." And the two women shed a few tears in each other's arms, and that was all.

Another year rolled around; and cannon balls rolled through it, and around Tom, who worked steadily, winning skill and knowledge beyond what he could have acquired in years of ordinary city practice; and winning health besides.

The Eldridges had been all that time "without a sensation" as Helen expressed it, until one evening, the doctor's hand-bell summoned his wife to his study, after she had heard him dismissing a visitor at the street-door. She was horror-stricken at the agony depicted on his face, as he seemed struggling for breath, and it was some time before he said—"Ralph—has Ralph come in?" "No," Ruth said; but she had not felt uneasy, because he had told her at dinner that he might be away till midnight, for they were taking an inventory at the store. His head fell upon his hands, and he moaned, as on that other night, which Ruth remembered well. Slowly she drew from him the reason of his distress. Ralph had forged the name of the firm—though for a trifling amount—and one of the gentlemen had just brought the forged check to him. Of course he had cashed it—and Mr. Smythe assured him that he had no reason to suppose any other attempt at forgery had been made; that he was utterly shocked, having thoroughly trusted the fellow; he sympathized with the father and volunteered to retain Ralph, in a less responsible position.

Ruth had little comfort to offer. The man's faith in his son had been re-established, but now it was crushed again. Midnight came, but Ralph did not. The postman, next morning, brought a letter from him bidding them good-by; acknowledging the forgery, and promising to begin, among strangers, an honest life. Dr. Eldridge said severely, "If ever he deserves our love and forgiveness, he will know it, and come back to claim it; and if he does not, he may as well stay away; I shall not put a detective on his track! I am, it was not revoked. Gradually they became accustomed to the empty room, and the space at the table and fireside; and the girls went out into society again; the mother grew cheerful and the father's sternness relaxed into something like the old gentleness, the loss of which his friends—sick and well—had lamented.

Just before the fall of Richmond, Dr. Benedict found himself stationed at Annapolis, and there, among the prisoners passing north, from Belle Isle, he found Ralph Eldridge. Sick, in prison rags; reduced to fearful emaciation, so pitiful a sight, Tom never told them, at home, how sad it was. Bathed, clothed, and put to bed once more like a Christian, he begged Tom to tell him all about home, from which he had heard nothing since he left. He talked freely about the mistakes of his life, and said that he owed his career to the indulgence of his boyhood—a hard thing to say—but he had wished his father had been more severe, where he had been so merciful, to his first of fences—then, that he had never been sent from home—for the habit of deceiving, came to be a second nature, at school. About the last of fence, made by a man, not a school-boy, he could only say "that he had intended to make good the sum, on his next pay-day; but was now thankful for the way it ended, for if it had not been found out, he might have repeated it with worse results."

"Well, cheer up, Ralph, you shall yet tell your sorrow to your good father, yourself, and enjoy the love at home, which is pure enough to forgive and forget."

"No, no, Dr. Tom," he said wearily. "I shall not live to go home—though your promise is very sweet. I am penitent now, and feel as if I were forgiven; but I have been so weak. Tom, if you ever have a son to educate, think more of his character, than of his life itself. Don't overlook one variation from truthfulness, and you will keep his feet in the safe and hallowed path we used to read about in the Sunday-school Allegory. Tell the girls I have cried with homesickness for them alone; and I a sight of my dear father would be more than I deserve. Come in, in the morning—be sure, Tom," he said, as the doctor walked away, to prevent his talking any more.

Tom went to his bedside, early in the morning; and not till he stood close beside him did he see the change which must have just taken place—the nurse sitting by the next cot, had not observed it. Ralph's weakness and weariness were over—his eyes were forever closed.

As, usually in the closing tableau of a drama, all the actors appear, appropriately grouped, the lovers, so good, so very good, as centre pieces always, smiling a serene farewell. So, I can, in closing, show you a pretty bride, Amy, and a stalwart groom, Tom Benedict, midway between "the doctor" and "the farm," in one of the prettiest cottages a honey-moon ever shone upon. And in the town home, lovers yet, in their prime, the doctor and Ruth, busy and happy as ever; and Helen still studying after her own old fashion, and threatening Tom with ruining his practice. And out on the farm, Ruth's sisters reading love-stories in the arbor, and Tom's brothers tending a hospital for sick and wounded birds and fowls; the father away off in his wheat fields, and the mother in some back chamber, busy with the spinning-wheel of her youth.

Think of Ruth, sometimes as a step-mother who lives, I do assure you, beloved by the children to whom she went timidly, winning their hearts easily, mindful of the disciple's reason for loving Him "because he first loved us."

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Think of her husband, sighing in the midst of his beautiful peace and prosperity, because "the care of this world" came between him and his only son, in the years when hours given to the child's instructions would have been of more value to him in manhood, than thousands of dollars, or a famous name, bequeathed.

UNCLE JACOB ON "GOING TO COLLEGE."

"So you are going to college, boy! Well, away with you; there's no use advising you; you'll do as all the rest do. In one year you'll know more than your father, your mother, or I, or all your college officers—in fact, than the Lord himself. You'll have doubts about the Bible, and think you could have made a better one. You'll think if the Lord had consulted you He could have laid the foundations of the earth better, and arranged the course of nature to more purpose. In short you'll be a god, knowing good and evil and running all over creation measuring everybody and everything in your pint cup. But you'll get over it—it's only the feeble avowal of knowledge. But if you have a good constitution, you'll come through with it."

I humbly suggested to him that I should try to keep clear of the febrile stage; that forewarned was forearmed.

"Oh, tut! tut! you must go through your fooleries. These are the regular diseases, the chicken-pox, measles, and mumps of young manhood; you'll have them all. We only pray that you may have them light, and not pray that you may have them light, and not pray that your constitution for all your life through by them. For instance, you'll fall in love with some baby-faced young thing with pink cheeks and long eyelashes; and goodness only knows what abominations of sonnets you'll be guilty of. That isn't fatal however. Only don't get engaged." Take it as the chicken-pox—keep your pores open, and don't get cold, and it'll pass off and leave you none the worse."

"And she!" said I, indignantly. "You talk as if it was no matter what became of her—"

"What, the baby? Oh, she'll outgrow it, too. The fact is, soberly and seriously, Harry, marriage is the thing that makes or mars a man; it's the gate through which he goes up or down, and you shouldn't pledge yourself to it till you come to your full senses. Look at your mother boy, see what a woman may be; see what she is to your father, what she is to me, to you, to every one that knows her. Such a woman, to speak reverently, is a pearl of great price; a man might as well sell all he had to buy her. But it isn't that kind of woman that flirts with college boys. You don't pick up such pearls every day."

Of course I declared that nothing was further from my thoughts than anything of that nature.

"The fact is, Harry, you can't afford fooleries," said my uncle. "You have your own way to make, and nothing to make it with but your own head and hands, and you must begin now to count the cost of everything. You have a healthy, sound body; see that you take care of it. God gives you a body but you owe it to God, to every one that knows her. Such a woman, to speak reverently, is a pearl of great price; a man might as well sell all he had to buy her. But it isn't that kind of woman that flirts with college boys. You don't pick up such pearls every day."

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Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DAN. R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JAN. 1871.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. G. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS relating to the business or editorial department of the paper should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING, or WATERVILLE MAIL-OFFICE."

How the world does love to be governed—the men, we mean, and not the women and children. How they strut and boast under the iron heels of emperors and kings and popes. Poor and rickety old Spain, that can't pay the interest of what she owes, has just hired a foreign stripling hardly out of his teens, and at an annual salary of a million and a half of dollars, to come and "play king" over her moulty old Dons, and bigoted priests, and starving peasants. He is to have one or all of her numerous palaces in the bargain, rent free. She has been advertising for a king ever since she drove off the woman who had for several years been playing that part; and the present European war, which is devastating two nations and threatening others, claims to have grown out of the circumstance that Spain had bid for a king whom Napoleon would not allow to come into the market. But the place is filled, and for the salary and the palaces the young king is bound, in royal custom, to see that his subjects are taxed as near to starvation as possible, and butchered in war at his will if any other royal stripling, born with spurs on his heels and soldiers at his back, should happen to joggle his elbow or make mouths at his sister. So Spain is easy for a while, unless she send her new king budding after her old queen. "Good King William" is occupied with his new contract for governing Germany, who puts her old iron crown upon his bloody brow in exchange for land. She, too, wants to be governed, and doubtless will be. The "divine right of kings" rarely fails to do this, with suitable subjects. Thus far Germany follows furiously to foreign battles, through the blood of her sons and the ashes of her cities. O, the agony, the conscience, and the blood, that have been wrung from poor Germany for the miserable privilege of being badly governed!—and never less to be pitied than as she stands to day, crowned with victory and besmeared with blood;—a "Restored Germany" for the "Divine right of kings;" land for freedom; ashes for gold; anything, to be governed!

How is this?—Harper's Weekly, in the same number that quotes the victories of Prussia as tokens of civil progress in France, also quotes a case of pocket picking in Honolulu as a token of civil progress in the Sandwich Islands, resulting from the labors of missionaries there. The word progress is sometimes queerly interpreted, but these two interpretations sound strangely in the same mouth. The Weekly should have leave to explain.

The State Agricultural Society is announced as having settled the last of the claims for damage sustained by the accident at their fall exhibition. It is presumed that the premiums will now be distributed.

What does the Portland Advertiser mean by saying that the Mail "appears" to justify the charge made against Gov. Chamberlain of riotous living at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in N. York? Ghosts "appear" to some folks, and one must have been playing this trick on the Advertiser, for the Mail has never mentioned that riotous charge in any way. We know that some very strange things appear to the Advertiser, but if this charge against the Mail still appears true we beg him to look again.

We offer ladies to the notice of the Howe Sewing Machine, sold in this place by Mr. P. S. Herald. This is without doubt one of the best of the first-class sewing machines, with as many favorite points, to say the least, as any other. It sells with less boasting than many others. Those who buy of Mr. Herald will find all promises made good, and a careful examination generally results in a bargain.

We understand that Mr. Rodney Jones of Fairfield, has already sold the Drew mare for which he gave Gerald & Allen \$500, to the Leirineau brothers, W. Waterville, for \$600. Small profits and quick sales is his maxim. The mare is trotting very fast, and it is said cannot be bought for \$1000.

An adjourned meeting of the Waterville M. F. Ins. Co., will be held at the office of E. E. Drummond, next Monday at 3 o'clock P. M., at which meeting a board of Directors for the ensuing year will be elected. Every Policy holder is a stock holder and therefore a voter and interested to be present.

PROGRESSIVE.—Gov. Claflin, of Massachusetts, refers very respectfully to the claims of women to be allowed to take a part in public affairs. He closes by saying that "whatever conclusions we may reach on this point, there can be no question that great injustice is done to women by many existing laws, and it is our duty to relieve the statute books of these relics of barbaric ages." So also the Attorney General of Maine, referring to the late Hoswell trial, utters his emphatic condemnation of the law by which the murderer was permitted to give his "insane" testimony against his wife, while she was denied the privilege because he would not consent. Judge Walton was obliged to say this was law;—the Attorney General says it ought not to be.

On the reverse, some three hundred women have sent a petition to Congress praying that the privilege of voting may be withheld from their sex generally. No doubt Congress will listen to their prayer for the present; but as things go on, these three hundred petitioners will soon be "past praying for."

The following is from a lady friend—a member of another division of the general "host" than that referred to below.

Last Monday evening we unexpectedly found ourselves the invited guest in a "Surprise Party," at the residence of the Rev. Mr. Ladd, of our village. The marshaled host of the M. E. Congregation, at an early hour, beset his door, which at the ringing of the bell brought the good pastor—who had settled himself with books and papers for a quiet evening—to his feet. The door opened and the "surprise" was manifest. There stood men, women and children, laden with bundles and baskets which were only laid down to resume a more fitting position on their table.

The fragrant mocha soon sent its titillating aroma thoroughly into the olfactory of the gathered host, and anon all addressed themselves to the solemn duty of relieving a table groaning beneath a surfeit of creature comforts. The blessing craved, the surprise was made complete by the presentation to the pastor and wife of outside garments, which will defy the frosts of '71, and an envelope containing something which looked amazingly suspicious—like that of the love of which is said to be the "root of all evil."

An impromptu but neat little speech by E. R. Drummond, Esq., attended this presentation, which was pleasantly responded to by the pastor with a manifest under current of unspoken gratitude.

These occasions are exceedingly pleasant, speaking as they do of a silken cord which binds a people to their pastor, and bringing both into a more intimate and earnest communion.

Long may the banner of "doing good by stealth" wave over the door of our village clergy.

Never, we may safely say, have our streets shown better signs of business life than at this time. The sleighing is fine, and produce comes in freely. Potatoes bring 80 to 85 cts., wood \$5, and extra quality a little more. Butter brings smart prices, especially if it happens to be choice.

WORSE AND WORSE.—The Lewiston Journal, by its Augusta correspondent, states that the annual visit of the Governor and Council to the Hartford Asylum costs our State sometimes as high as \$1700—the lowest sum mentioned being \$300, instead of less than one hundred, as stated by Toby Candor. If this be true, the more shame. The cost this year the Journal cuts down to \$930. Let a revelation of abusive extravagance come to the people; it is the only way to stop them. Our eight million of state debt is a constant admonition to economy.

BIG ONES.—Mr. Asa Soule, of this town, recently killed two pigs, one nine and the other eight months old, the former weighing 478 pounds and the latter 416. Here is almost half a ton of pork from two spring pigs; worth nearly a hundred dollars, while corn is but a dollar a bushel. Pretty good farming this.

The West Waterville Dramatic Club give their third entertainment on Tuesday evening next, in aid of their Memorial Hall. Two popular plays, with other attractions, promise a large audience. The energy with which the citizens of the west village pursue this enterprise deserves the marked success they meet. The hall will be an ornament to the village, and will always be preferred to a more monumental how long it will stand to shame; the waning energies of a similar enterprise here, in which the leaders ran so slipperily and "gin out" so suddenly, remains to be seen. We hope not forever.

NICK POINT.—"Trying their horses, are they?" inquired a "Nock" farmer of a Franco-Fenian looking lad who stood watching the Main-street races on Tuesday. "No sa, tryin' I'll eem, to see if they daist tu."

The Kennebec Journal, a few weeks ago, made mention of many of the old stage drivers of Maine, and has since added to the list. Here is one we find in Thursday's paper:—

C. M. Barrell drove first on the line between Farmington and Portland, and from about 1833 to 1849 between Augusta and Farmington, and since December of the latter year has been a conductor on the Maine Central Railroad. Resides in Waterville, and is about 50 years of age.

In the expenditures for Schools Maine ranks among the lowest of the Northern States, the amount per scholar being \$1.73, while in Massachusetts it is \$16.45.

Contrary to the received opinion the mercury in the thermometer on the top of Mt. Washington does not fall so low as at the Crawford House, below; and though the wind is violent, a person cannot take cold there.

STEPHEN GLOVER, a well known English musical composer, has just died.

The supply of Water in Jersey City has failed.

FARMERS' CLUB, WESTERN DIVISION.

The Club met at the house of Col. I. Marston, and discussed the question proposed—"What is the most profitable stock for farmers to raise in this portion of the State?"

Mr. B. Mitchell, the first person called on by the President, said that he raised but little stock, preferring to buy advanced animals, because he thought it more profitable. He had, however, found sheep more profitable than any other stock, even during these last years when they had fallen into bad repute. They had paid him over three dollars a head, for these years, while keeping his flock good.

Mr. Geo. E. Shores thought Hereford cattle the best and most profitable stock for farmers to raise; thought they yielded more beef for the same amount of feed; they make better working oxen; while the grade cows are the best milkers he can find. They come to maturity earlier than the Durhams. They grade better with Durhams, either for beef or working oxen, than any other breed. Mr. William Brown, upon being appealed to, testified to the remarkable good milking qualities of a Hereford cow he owned.

Mr. L. A. Dow went in with a will for the Durhams, quoting "Allen on American Cattle" in support of his opinion, especially as to their good qualities as dairy stock; quoting Cochran as authority for the statement that more pounds of beef can be grown from the same amount of feed to Durhams than when given to Herefords.

Mr. Joseph Percival, who was fresh from a meeting of the Jersey Stock Club, was of the opinion that most of these different breeds of cattle were needed, each in its place. If we were to be confined to any one he would choose the Durhams for these reasons:—they are good milkers, and a cross with the old natives is always a great improvement on the stock; they are handsome; make large oxen, and, he thought, matured early. He does not think highly of the Devon or the Black Dutch, though the last named are great milkers, and good for cheese. But, as Allen says, a farmer should pay proper regard to his location and his surroundings, the situation of his family, his tastes, &c. For dairy purposes alone he would select the Jersey, or a cross of Jerseys and Durhams. For beef he would select the Herefords; but the Durhams make better oxen and give better dairy cows than the Herefords. [Shores would not admit this.] For village use or for better nothing equals the Jersey; though, in justice to all he would say that he had never bred the Herefords. The Jerseys make more and better butter, from the same amount and quality of feed, than any other breed; the butter is hard and comes quick, sells quick and brings a high price. The cows are very docile and easily managed. He had understood that Jersey calves, though not large, made choice veal. He had two choice Jersey heifers,—3 and 4 years old—and had kept an accurate and careful account of what they had done the past season. In eight and a half months, ending Dec. 31 they had yielded 518 1-2 lbs. of butter which had brought 50 cents per pound. The pasture in which they were kept was poor, but he had given them feed enough to make it, equal to good pasturing—4 lbs. of shorts per day in the early summer, and later, corn fodder. These heifers went dry a week or two, and one of the calves dropped in the Spring he sold for \$35 when six weeks old, but it would take more money than that to buy the other. During the season, some of the milk and cream had been sold, and the family's supply of the same had been taken out.

On motion of Mr. Dow, the thanks of the Club were tendered to Mr. Percival for his interesting statement of facts,—so much better than the long guess work, of which we have so much. The next meeting of the Club will be held with Mr. Joseph Percival, on Wednesday evening next, with the same subject continued.

EASTERN DIVISION.

The un discussed portion of our last week's question occupied the whole evening—"Can we increase the productiveness of our farms without foreign fertilizers?"

Mr. J. B. Stratton did not seem to have much hesitation in giving it as his opinion that we could not increase the fertility of our farms by raising potatoes. He says they leave old pastures, and finally any other land, in poor condition for a crop of grass, even if it is well manured afterward; and thinks a farmer can hardly afford to make a business of raising them at \$1 per bushel.

Mr. Samuel Warren is of the same opinion with him,—dressing don't seem to do as much good applied after potatoes as it does after some other crops.

Mr. Stratton thinks our farms don't seem to increase much. We take up a piece of ground and put it in good condition, and by the time we get round to it again it is as poor if not poorer than before. On being asked if he thought he could keep his farm up to its present standard and live from it at the same time, he said he should hardly want to answer in the affirmative.

Edwin Spring does not cut as much hay as he did 40 years ago.

Mr. Warren and others have had a similar experience.

Mr. Spring thinks it takes two loads of dressing to do as much good with him as one used to, from the fact that a given quantity of dressing will do more good on a sick piece of land than on a poor one.

Several instances were cited, and it seemed to be the prevailing opinion among our members, that generally speaking our farms are growing less productive.

I admire the honesty of our farmers in sticking to the truth and owning that their farms are running out. It is of no use to shut our eyes to the fact; it is a thing which demands our attention and should be looked square in the face. There are places where these difficulties are obviated, and why are they not with us? The older ones among us can hardly be expected to make any radical change in their modes of farming, but to those of us who are young and have a long life before us,

the question comes up with full force, what are we going to do if our farms are yearly growing poorer?

Our next meeting is at Mr. Edwin Spring's on Tuesday, at 6 1-2 o'clock.

C. R. STUART, Sec.

AMENDMENTS.—Much talk about amending our state constitution has culminated in the presentation of several distinct propositions, which are so far matured as to have been presented to the senate. The Lewiston Journal sums them up thus:—To prohibit irrevocable grants of special privileges; require laws to be passed with more care, the yeas and nays to be recorded, and a majority of a full house to vote in favor; fixing the pay of members, excluding all perquisites, extra compensation &c.; forbidding teachers, supervisors, &c. to be interested in profits on school books and apparatus; prohibiting authorization of lotteries; forbidding special laws in all cases when general laws can be made applicable, particularly to authorize corporations, except educational, reformatory, penal and charitable, to remain under control of the State, and annulling exclusive grants; securing minority representation in election of officers of corporations; requiring railroad officers to report to the Sec. of State; forbidding street railways without the consent of the town or city; rolling stock of railroads to be regarded as personal property, liable to attachment and sale on execution; prohibiting consolidation of competing lines of railroad and regulating the manner of consolidating other lines; prohibiting the "watering" of stock of corporations; asserting the right of eminent domain with respect to corporations as to individuals; declaring railways public highways, and empowering the legislature to fix maximum rates of charges; requiring judges of the courts to report to the legislature defects in the laws, &c.

These amendments are presented in the senate by senator Morris of Cumberland. No doubt our constitution needs careful legal reconsideration and amendment. Constant changes in our interests and institutions and in our manner of doing business have induced an excess of legislation, tending to involve all legal and constitutional questions in uncertainty. From year to year the evil grows—especially during the session of the legislature. Let a state convention, composed of a few men well learned in the whole matter, do the needed work in a statesman-like and constitutional way—just as no legislature will or can do it—and the State will no doubt be profited.

THE "NEW JOINT CORN."—Considerable stir among farmers in various sections of the country has been produced by the introduction of a new variety of corn. It is said to have been produced from our common corn by a process known to scientific gardeners as "hybridizing." Its advantages are that it produces from four to eight well developed ears to each stock, while the stock is short and so developed in leaves and branches as to make superior fodder; the crop to the acre being very much increased. We have seen samples of this corn with four and six ears. Mr. A. P. Marston, at his store on Main-st., has the agency for its sale in this place, and we advise all farmers and gardeners to call on him and see for themselves. We notice that the Boston Cultivator and Rural New Yorker commend it in most emphatic terms.

The Standard breathes easier since Gov. Perham delivered his inaugural address, and finds that he is not the bloody radical it had pictured. It has the grace to say that, with one or two exceptions, "the message is most excellent, practical and candid in tone, and decidedly one of the best, delivered to the Legislature and people of the State for a series of years."

WATERVILLE SAVINGS BANK.—The deposits at their institution now amount to over \$300,000.

Among the appointments of the new Governor are the following:—S. L. Goodale of Saco, Joseph Percival of Waterville, and James C. Weston of Bangor, Commissioners on Cattle Diseases; Weston Thompson, Fairfield, Trial Justice.

Hon. L. M. Morrill's health is so far restored that he has left for Washington, to resume his duties.

Sheriff Barton has appointed the following deputies for this county:

Charles R. McFadden, Waterville; Thomas B. Stinchfield, Clinton; John O. Page, China; William H. Libby, Augusta; Isaac T. Thompson, Hallowell; Joseph Siphers, Gardiner; E. G. Fuller, Readfield; James F. Blunt, Mt. Vernon; Josephus Stevens, Winthrop.

Another Life Insurance Co., the Farmers and Mechanics, of New York, is declared insolvent. It did no business in this State.

Mr. A. L. Mortimer, of our village, has been appointed Chief Engineer of the Kansas City and Memphis Railroad, and has his residence at Springfield, Greene Co., Missouri.

The cadets at West Point are behaving badly.

There is a slight unpleasantness between the Standard and the Argus, growing out of the vote of the legislature supplying the democratic members with the latter paper.

Clearer or better ice than that which Mons. Joseph Raizezore is now putting into ice-houses in our village, has not been seen this side of the place where icebergs are manufactured. Price about \$2 a cord.

The morning train from Augusta to Bangor, on and after Monday next, will leave the first named city at 7 o'clock, instead of 6 as before, passing Waterville at 8 o'clock instead of 7.

ABRAHAM SANBORN, Esq., of Bangor, is the democratic nominee for U. S. Senator.

OUR TABLE

EVERY SATURDAY this week presents the clean cut face of Bret Harte in a full page portrait, which will gratify the curiosity of those who have wondered how "Truthful James" looked. It also gives his story of "Tennessee's Partner," with a full page illustration filled with hard looking figures, including the bullet-headed "Partner" himself. There is a host of other pictures, handsome and interesting.

Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$5 a year, and sold by all periodical dealers.

MESSRS. LEE & SHEPARD, the well known enterprising Boston publishers, are preparing for the rapid issue of a complete edition of the thirty-two novels of the Swedish writer, Mrs. Sophie Schwarz.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER YEAR-BOOK AND ALMANAC for 1871, which comes to us from the publishers of that well known paper, is brimful of interesting and valuable matter, in the various departments—astronomical, civil and commercial, ecclesiastical, educational, agricultural and miscellaneous. It is sold for a dollar, but is given to all who pay for the Observer in advance.

THE TRANSATLANTIC MONTHLY for January contains choice selections from the literature of the old world. With a liberal allowance of stories there is much that is more substantial. Among the articles are—A Story of Vivienne; The Sins of the Fathers; How the Uhlans took Mousaux les Caves; France among the Nations; Lord Macaulay; Bismarck at Home; Imperial Vicissitudes; A Very Big Christmas Story; The Wedding Ring.

Published by L. R. Hamerly & Co., Philadelphia, at \$4 a year.

LEGISLATIVE.

A Resolve has passed extending the time for the report of the "Paper Credit Commission." The opponents of the present school system have made their first move. Bills and petitions were presented asking for the abolishment of the supervisor system and repeal of the law transferring employment of teachers from agents to committees.

An order was passed in the House, on Wednesday, directing inquiry into the expediency of amending the law relating to the investment of deposits in savings banks.

In the composition of the Joint Standing Committees, Foster of Kennebec, is chairman of the com. on Federal Relations, and he is also on the com. on the Judiciary, and the com. on the Library; Gray, of Kennebec, is chairman of the com. on Banks and Banking, and he is on the com. on State Prison, the com. on Interior Waters; Minot, of Kennebec, is chairman of the com. on Claims, and he is on the com. on Manufactures, the com. on Reform School, and com. on Indian Affairs; French, of Somerset, is on the com. on Railroads, Ways and Bridges, and the com. on Public Buildings; Webber, of Somerset, is chairman of the com. on Division of Counties, and he is on the com. on Mercantile Affairs and Insurance, and on com. on State Lands and State Roads; Heath, of Waterville, is on the com. on Legal Reform; Lamb, of Clinton, is on the same committee; Hathaway, of Skowhegan, is on the com. on Education; Willard, of Mercer, is on the com. on Agriculture; Taylor of Norridgewock, is on the com. on Division of Towns; Stuart, of Belgrade, is on the com. on Incorporation of Towns.

In the House committees—Heath, of Waterville, is on the com. on Engrossed Bills; Stuart, of Belgrade, is on the com. on County Estimates. Foster, of Kennebec, is on the Joint Select Com. to which was referred the message of the Governor on the Revision of the Statutes and also on claims of Settlers; and Minot, of Kennebec is chairman of the Joint Select Com. on Report of Treasurer.

Four new first class freight engines have recently been added to the stock of the Maine Central Railroad. The "Waterville," the last one received, is not the heaviest, as we stated last week, but is two and a half tons lighter than the Gov. Coburn. It is a splendid looking machine, gives good satisfaction, but it is to be changed to a coal burner and put upon the west end of the road. How few realize, in looking at a locomotive, as it stands on the track, that very few houses in our down east country cost as much. Engines are lower now than they have been, but these last purchased cost over ten thousand dollars apiece.

The Ticonic Bank, and the People's Bank held their annual meetings on Tuesday of this week, choosing the following officers:—

Ticonic.—Directors: Solyman Heath, Sam'l Doolittle, Sam'l Appleton, E. G. Mader, D. W. Moor. President, Solyman Heath; Cashier, A. A. Plaisted.

Peoples.—Directors: John Webber, T. W. Herriek, Wm. Connor, Luke Brown, L. E. Thayer, N. G. H. Pulsifer, J. W. Philbrick.

The Lewiston Journal thinks it strange that with 74,000 doctors in the U. S. States men still continue to die as though nothing had happened! So it is—but still stranger that they continue to live!

CARLETON has just completed some fine large portraits of the late Mrs. Abby (Scates) Kimball, one of which is for Ticonic Division, of which she was for many years a prominent and worthy member.

J. NYE, Esq., Treasurer of the Maine Central Railroad Co., is confined to the house with another of his painful neuralgic attacks.

Buy that piano advertised in another column, if you wish for a bargain.

Four of the Fenian prisoners in England have been released and sent to this country.

In consequence of the prevalence of Epizootic Aphthæ, or foot and mouth disease, the Massachusetts commissioners on contagious diseases among cattle prohibit the driving or transporting to or from Brighton, Cambridge, or the cattle yards at the Medford Railroad station, until further notice, all cows, store cattle and working oxen.

A correspondent of the Zion's Advocate expresses the opinion that the innumerable water courses and lakes of Maine indicate that God designed this State for the Baptists!

THE WAR.—The bombardment of Paris is proceeding with vigor, with what effect it is difficult to say precisely, as the French and Prussian accounts differ widely. No doubt, however, considerable damage has been done. The Prussians have taken possession of Havre. Fifty thousand fresh German troops have recently crossed the Rhine.

Versailles 10. The army of Chausey is retreating at all points. The Germans are in pursuit, and have already taken 1000 prisoners. We have good news from the Eastern Department. In an engagement on the 8th inst., with the Garibaldians at Montbar, in the Department of Cole D'Orr, our troops were victorious. Von Werder advanced yesterday to Villerszel and took the place by storm. The 20th (French) corps were engaged and lost 2 staff officers, 14 other officers, 600 men and 2 eagles. The French attempted to retake their position, but were defeated.

The following State officers were elected by the Legislature last Thursday.

Franklin M. Drew, of Brunswick; Sec. of State; Gen. B. B. Murray, of Pembroke, Adjutant General; Thomas B. Reed of Portland, Attorney General; Wm. Caldwell of Augusta, State Treasurer; Parker P. Burleigh of Linneus, Land Agent.

The Governor's councillors elected, Uranus O. Brooker, 1st District; Wm. Dearing, 2d District; John R. Pulsifer, 3rd District; Hiram Knowlton, 4th District; Sails C. Hatch, 6th District; Wm. Grinnell, Jr., 7th District.

A Mrs. Davis of Norridgewock, who had been at work at the Norridgewock House during the day last Wednesday, fell in the street on her way home, near the old ferry, and before she could be taken into a house, expired. Two or three years ago, her father died suddenly.—[Somerset Reporter.]

In Connecticut, they have started "leather weddings." Leather of course furnished by the "two soles with but a single thought."

The St. Domingo question is quieted in Congress for a time by the passage of the resolve in both branches for a commission to investigate and report upon the condition of the island and other matters pertaining to annexation.

At least 200 fallen women attended the New Year's dinner furnished by the North street mission at Boston. At the dinner a year ago many were noisy in their manners and uncivilly in their persons and dress; but on Wednesday, not a single woman or girl could be found with dirty face, hands or clothing and the behavior of all was characterized by the strictest decorum. The influence of the mission has made itself evident in the past twelve months, in the improved self-respect of hundreds of characters in North street and its neighborhood before regarded as abandoned, and in the reform of many.

A NEW YORK MYSTERY.—Our readers will recollect that we published, a few weeks ago, an account of a mystery is affair on board a New York ferry boat—the finding by a young man of a reticule in the ladies' cabin, which contained \$500 in bonds, a g. l. watch, other articles of value and a letter from a lady to her lover, signed Eliza P. After making every effort to discover the owner, the finder took possession of the bag. The second chapter in the mystery now appears. On Monday afternoon the body of a woman with handsome features, and magnificent black hair, was found off the Ellysian Fields, much injured by floating ice. She was dressed in black alpaca, and her clothes were marked E. P. It is surmised she jumped off the boat on which the reticule was found. The matter will be thoroughly investigated.

My first is equality, my second is inferiority, and my whole is superiority. Matchless.

A philosopher says: "One feels a little vulgar when he is quite in the fashion."

TO THE READER.

THE HOWE SEWING MACHINE stands to-day unequalled and without a rival among its competitors. Its wide range of application to purpose and materials, the facility with which it will pass from thick to thin material without change of tension, or tendency to draw or pucker the work, however delicate, and its compactness, simplicity and durability, together with the superior character of its attachments, commend it as one which will fulfill every requirement of a Family Sewing Machine.

These Machines are made of the best materials, with more exactness and precision, and greater durability than is generally considered necessary; but it is essential that a Machine should be well made if it is to be of good service, and Ladies wishing to introduce the Sewing Machine into their families, will find it a great saving in time, labor and expense, to at once purchase the best.

The same qualities which commend the Howe as the best for Family use, also renders it superior to others for Dressmakers and for light manufacturing purposes, and it is indispensable for "Yeastmakers," as it is the only one which can be used satisfactorily on Marseilles, Duck, and Linen Goods.

Various poorly-built Machines, which are represented as first-class, are being run up and put upon the market upon terms apparently more favorable than those upon which the Howe is offered, but on account of repairs constantly needed, time lost when the Machines will not work, or garments spoiled when they will not work, purchasers finally realize that it would have been better to purchase a Howe.

The Howe Machine Company do not pretend to make cheap Machines, but aim to have every Machine perfect, and they are now offered on terms so favorable as to bring them within reach of all.

Every Machine is sold with a Hammer, Feller, Brader and Quilter, Gauge and Thumb Screw, Oiler, two Sew Drivers, Wrench, twelve extra Needles, six Bobbins, and an extra Needle or Throat Plate, and no deduction will be made on machines ordered without these attachments. Sold on monthly instalments by

P. S. HEALD, Main street, Waterville, Me.

"The Best the Cheapest."

GILBRETH

Has a splendid stock of First Class Stoves, Hardware, &c.

HE IS SELLING CHEAP.

His experience of over twenty years in the business, with a disposition to deal in the best quality, enables him to select better class of goods than can be found in this part of Maine. Please call and examine and you will see they are from the most skillful manufacturers in the country. Having a large trade of course

He buys cheap and sells cheap.

J. H. GILBRETH, KENDALL'S MILLS.

Has a room at Narragansett Park, Providence, of 1 1/2 miles in a race 1 1/4, quarter 3/4, 1/2 seconds. His best colt HORNET JOHN, won the 8 year old purse at Waterville. His 8 year old colt "Knock-them," sold for Five thousand Dollars.

"MAINE HAMBLETONIAN." See advertisement in Maine Farmer or send for a circular.

MISCELLANY.

PUT DOWN THE BRAKES.

No matter how well the track is laid,
No matter how strong the engine is made,
When you find it running the downward grade,
Put down the brakes!

If the demon of drink has entered the soul,
And his power is getting beyond your control,
And dragging you to a terrible goal,
Put down the brakes!

Remember the adage, "Don't trifle with fire,"
Temptation you know is always a liar;
If you wish to crush out the burning desire,
Put down the brakes!

Are you running in debt by living too fast?
Do you look with shame on a profitless past,
And feel that your ruin is coming at last?
Put down the brakes!

Whether for knowledge, for honor, or gain,
You are fast working out your body and brain,
Till nature no longer can bear the strain,
Put down the brakes!

The human is weak since Adam's fall,
Beware how you yield to Appetite's call,
Be temperate in all things," was preached by Paul—
Put down the brakes!

Ah, a terrible thing is human life!
It tracks with us a danger is life;
Do you seek for the victor's crown in the strife!
Put down the brakes!—N. Y. Ledger.

Marshal Bazaine has written an apology for the surrender of Metz. It is in the form of a report of the operations of his command, to be published in French and German at Berlin. He repeats the statement that the supplies had failed and the army been beaten at every point. Some of his statements directly contradict those of the French Government.

The Mont Cenis tunnel has cost \$26,000,000, of which twenty millions have been contributed by the French government and six millions by the Italian. The Hoosac tunnel will be four and three-fourths miles long and will cost \$9,000,000. By the contract it will be finished by March 1st, 1871.

Ruskin makes a confession that it should do young writers good to overhear: "I have had what, in many respects, I boldly call the misfortune to set my words somewhat prettily together; not without a foolish vanity in the poor knack that I had of doing so, until I was heavily punished for this pride by finding that many people thought of the words only, and not of their meaning."

Huxley aptly says that in the natural world "ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed."

Henry Ward Beecher, in a *Ledger* article on the "Penalty of Self-Indulgence," says that "thousands are living in proper social relations without a thought of evil, who are, notwithstanding, from want of proper knowledge, over-indulgent, and by reason of excess, they are enfeebled, dependent, run down. Blanche and waxy-faced men abound whose whole life is unstrung, and gradually sacrificed to the pleasures of passion, which are only not vicious because they are indulged in legal relation. The delicacy of the theme makes teachers averse to speak publicly of it, and thousands are sinking into consumptions and debilities and paralysis, because men have not the courage to tell them that, like a cask of wine hid away in the cellar, worm-pierced, they are leaking to death!"

Laura Giddings Julian, in writing of the negro students in Howard University at Washington, says: "I never heard such recitations in any white school as I have listened to there. It seems as though they were hungry, and had been for generations, and are for the first time able to get intellectual food they have so long craved."

Rev. Albert Barnes, the deceased commentator, was a man of rare and beautiful modesty. Although nearly every college in the country had, at some time, conferred on him the "D. D.," he never assumed it, nor did he allow it to be printed on the title page of his books. "I am only Albert Barnes" was his usual response to any one saluting him as "Dr. Barnes."

A facetious young gentleman from Cincinnati received the charge of a shot gun in return for his courtesy in calling an Indiana farmer up in the night to advise him to take in his chimney as it was freezing weather.

The Maine Board of Agriculture has been organized by electing D. H. Thim of Mt. Vernon, President, Z. A. Gilbert, Vice-President, and S. L. Goodale of Saco, Secretary.

New Connecticut ten-dollar bills on the Farmers and Manufacturers' Bank of Poughkeepsie are in circulation.

The Cash Store

Is the place to buy goods of any description. A nice line of

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A good stock of

DRY GOODS.

A full stock of

GROCERIES.

And as good an assortment of

FLOUR

as can be found in town, embracing the lowest and the highest grades of St. Louis manufacture.

The Highest Market Prices Allowed for all kinds of PRODUCE in exchange for GOOD.

Please call at the Cash Store.

Mitchell & Gilman.

West Waterville, Dec. 1870.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

E. H. EDDY,

SOLICITOR OF PATENTS

For Inventions, Trade Marks, or Designs,

No. 78 State Street, opposite Kilby Street,

BOSTON.

AFTER an extensive practice of upward of thirty years, I continue to secure Patents in the United States; also in Great Britain, France, and other foreign countries. Careful Specifications, Assignments, and all papers for Patents are executed on reasonable terms, with dispatch. Researches made to determine the validity and utility of Patents of Inventions, and legal and other advice rendered in all matters touching the same. Copies of the claims of any patent furnished by returning one dollar. No Agency in the United States possesses superior facilities for obtaining Patents; or ascertaining the patentability of Inventions.

All necessity of a journey to Washington to procure a Patent, and the usual great delay there, are here saved inventors.

TESTIMONIALS.

"I regard Mr. Eddy as one of the most capable and successful practitioners with whom I have had official intercourse."

CHARLES MASON, Commissioner of Patents.

"I have no hesitation in asserting that inventors who do not employ a man so competent and trustworthy, and more capable of putting their applications in a form to secure for them an early and favorable consideration at the Patent Office, are at a disadvantage."

Late Commissioner of Patents.

"Mr. R. H. Eddy has made for me over THIRTY applications for Patents, having been successful in almost every case. Such unexampled proof of great ability and ability on his part, leads me to recommend all inventors to apply to him to procure their patents, as they may be sure of having the most faithful attention bestowed on their cases, and at a very reasonable charge."

JOHN TAGGART.

Waterville, Jan. 1, 1871.—1725

Kendall's Mills Column.

NEW OPENING.

J. P. MURRAY,

Millinery and Fancy Goods.

MAIN STREET,

KENDALL'S MILLS.

18

"Goods Well Bought ARE HALF SOLD."

An old saying, and as true as it is old, and never more true than when applied to the large stock of

FLOUR,

offered by LAWRENCE & BLACKWELL, at the

Grist Mill, Kendall's Mills,

This is no "advertising gas;" we are actually selling splendid bargains, as our already large and rapidly increasing trade fully shows. Our stock is fresh, shipped direct to us from Chicago, and is complete in all grades required in a first class retail business.

Consumers will find it much to their advantage to examine our stock and prices before purchasing.

LAWRENCE & BLACKWELL.

Kendall's Mills, Nov. 12, 1869.

20.

REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.

SURGEON DENTIST,

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

He removed to his new office,

NO. 27 NEWHALL ST.

First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

E. W. McFADDEN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

AND

Insurance and Real Estate Agent.

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

NEW FIRM

AND

NEW GOODS.

The Subscribers, having formed a Co-Partnership, under the

Pray Brothers,

have established themselves for the present in David Sherry's Building,

One Door North of Zaty & Kimball's.

DEALERS IN

Books, Stationery,

Blank Books, Common School Books, Slates,

Wrapping Paper, Paper Bags, Twine,

Picture Frames, Travelling Bags,

Curtain Shades and Fixtures,

Cord and Tassels,

Also a General Assortment of

FANCY GOODS.

Orders for MUSIC BOOKS, &c., not on hand, respectfully solicited and promptly attended to.

Friends and the public generally are invited to give us a call.

JAMES J. PRAY.

HENRY A. P. PRAY.

Waterville, Nov. 1, 1870.

19

All Right, Again!

WM. L. MAXWELL

having procured

FIRST CLASS

WORKMEN.

Is ready to fill all orders on Pegg-Old Cut Boots at the shortest notice possible. Also

REPAIRING

done in the neatest manner at short notice.

Or if you want ready made

BOOTS & SHOES,

or

RUBBER BOOTS & SHOES

of most any kind at Maxwell's and get them, for he has got the largest stock and best assortment to be found in town, and of a superior quality.

Congress at 4 Dingle, Men's, Women's and Misses', which will be sold low for cash.

Nov. 10, 1870.

20

Cigars, Tobacco, and Pipes.

The largest and best assortment ever in town and at the lowest prices can be found at

IRA H. LOW & CO.'S, New Drug Store.

24

BUY

PRAY BROTHERS

PENS, PENCILS,

SEALING WAX and Writing Ink, at

PRAY BROTHERS.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

PRAY BROTHERS.

BRUSHES.

PRAY BROTHERS.

HAIR, Tooth and Nail, at

PRAY BROTHERS

WANTED.

ALL the money due me for goods sold; as I have need of it and can use it to good advantage to buy more goods a cash price, and give my customers the advantage of cash purchases. Don't forget to call.

Nov. 10, 1870.

20

WM. L. MAXWELL.

NO CAPITALIST IS TOO RICH,

NO FARMER IS TOO POOR,

NO MECHANIC IS TOO POOR

to buy an Earth Closet, which is a substitute for the water-closet or commode—pays, and places within reach of all, rich and poor, in the city and in the country, a simple method of providing, in the house, a comfortable private closet, without cost, neatness and health. Prices \$9 to \$25. Send for Circulars to

Earth Closet Co.

19 DOANE ST.

BOS. ON. 1713

MARK.

TRADE

Earth Closet

Co.

19 DOANE ST.

BOS. ON. 1713

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